

# A D I A L O G U E

Between the Ghosts of the Two last Parliaments, at their late Interview.

—*Fuimus Troes.*— *Nitimur in vetitum.*—

*Westminster Ghost's Advice.*

From deepest Dungeons of Eternal Night,  
The seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains & Spight,  
I have been sent to tell your tender Youth  
A seasonable and Important Truth!  
I feel, (but Oh too late,) that no Disease  
Is like a Surfeit of Luxurious Ease,  
And of all other, the most tempting things,  
Are too much Wealth, and too indulgent Kings.

None ever was superlatively ill,  
But by Degrees, with Industry and Skill:  
And some, whose Meaning hath at first been fair,  
Grow Knaves by Use, and Rebels by Despair.  
My time is past, and Yours will soon begin,  
Keep the first Blossoms from the blast of Sin;  
And by the Fate of my Tumultuous way,  
Preserve your self, and bring serener Days.  
The busie subtle Serpents of the Law,  
Did first my Mind from true Obedience draw;  
While I did Limits to the King prescribe,  
And took for Oracles that Canting Tribe,  
I chang'd True Freedom for the Name of Free,  
And grew Seditious for Variety;  
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd;  
And, by the Law I Legally abus'd.

The Robe was summon'd, *M—* d in the head:  
In Legal Murder none so deeply read:  
I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood,  
Stain'd with the (yet un-expiated) Blood  
Of the Brave *Strafford*, when 3 Kingdoms rung  
With his accumulative Hackney Tongue;  
Prisoners, and Witnesses were waiting by;  
These had been taught to Swear, and those to dy,  
And to expect Their Arbitrary Fates,  
Some for ill Faces, some for good Estates:  
To fright the People, and Alarm the Town,  
*B—* and *O—* imploy'd the Reverend Gown.  
But while the *Triple Mitre* bore the blame,  
The Kings 3 *Crowns* were their Rebellious aim:  
I seem'd, (and did but seem) to fear the *Guards*,  
And took for mine the *B—* and the *W—*  
Anti-monarchick Hereticks of Sate,  
Immoral Atheists, Rich, and Reprobate:  
But above all, I got a little Guide,  
Who every Foard of Villany had try'd;  
None knew so well the old Pernicious way  
To Ruine Subjects, and make *Kings* obey;  
And my small *Yehu* at a Furious Rate,  
Was driving *Eighty* back to *Forty Eight*.  
This the King knew, and was Resolv'd to bear,  
But I mistook his *Patience* for his *Fear*:  
All that this happy Island could afford,  
Was Sacrific'd to my Voluptuous Board.

In his whole Paradise one only Tree  
He had excepted by a strict Decree;  
A Sacred Tree which Royal Fruit did bear,  
Yet It in pieces I Conspir'd to tear;  
Beware my Child! Divinity is there.

This so out-did all I had done before,  
I could attempt, and He indure no more.  
My Un-prepar'd and Un-repenting breath,  
Was snatch'd away by the swift Hand of Death,  
And I (with all my Sins about me) hurl'd,  
To th' utter Darkness of the lower World;  
A dreadful place which you too soon will see,  
If You believe Seducers more than Me.

Oxford Ghost.

How great prophetick Spirit, who could see  
Through the dark Glass of rip'ning time, what we  
Too true have found, and now too late complain,  
That thou Great Spirit shouldst foretel in vain:  
Full well and faithfully didst thou advise,  
Had we been modestly and timely wise:  
Free may you range, saidst thou, through every Field,  
And what else more luxurious Gardens yield  
Is thine; what e're may please, what e're delight  
The weakest Stomach, nicest Appetite.  
Of all the plenty of so vast a Store  
One thing forbidden is, one, and no more:  
By late and sad experience of what's past  
Probatum est, ipse dixit; *Do not tast!*  
Swift Ruine's there, and sure Destruction,  
How great a truth, had it in time been known.

*Westm. Ghost.*

Vain empty Nothing, that wert lately *All*,  
How just, and how unpitied is thy Fall:  
Well worthy of the horrors of this place,  
That would no warning take by my Disgrace;  
Glutted with plenty, surfeited with Peace,  
Weary of Blessings, sick of too much Ease:  
Mad restless Troublers of our *Israel*,  
Who would not quiet be when things went well;  
Of secret base Designs meer manag'd *Tools*,  
Rash, unadvised, incorrigible *F—*  
Brisk Hotspurs, inconsiderately bold,  
By much too violent, and too hot to hold.  
Zeal flew as if't had been to run a Race,  
Duty and Reason cou'd not keep it pace:  
Insensible, regardless of my Fate;  
Dull *Phrygian* Sages, wise when 'tis too late;  
You liv'd, and then you had an easie way  
Thave provided 'gainst the Evil Day,  
Who would not then be timely wise, for bear  
Your vain unseasonable Sorrows here.  
Frailty (for men are frail) may err one time,  
But Malice only can repeat the Crime.  
Unthinking Senate, fed with empty words  
Of *Patriot Lawyers* and *Protesting Lords*:  
Abus'd by *Popular* and *mistaken Friends*;  
Serv'd a dull Property for base hidden Ends.  
Liberty, Property and Religion,  
Sweet Names, and so is *REFORMATION*.  
Rank sign of sickly and distemper'd Times,  
When fairest Names disguise the foulest Crimes.  
The cry of *Liberty* helpeth Ambition,  
And strait-lac'd Conscience choaks Religion:  
Of publick Int'rest you had no concern;  
But damn'd a Proverb, *Ne'r too late to learn*.  
By no experience taught, miscarriage tam'd,  
Nor by sad instance of my Fate reclaim'd,

What prejudice and private ends ill us'd,  
False Zeal and like Religion ill excus'd:  
Who (stiff-neck'd) rather wou'd my Fate repeat,  
Than by new measures be securely great:  
No freedom of debate was left for you,  
When all was mov'd and manag'd by a few.  
Your leading *M—* *J—* and *W—*  
As if all Wisdom were in them alone:  
A House of Commons crumbl'd into Three;  
Slaves in effect, and in appearance Free,  
What ail'd the *Pilot*, slept he at the head?  
Or was your Judgment by your *Wills* misled?  
What evil Spirit's Influence did prevail,  
That you who might at large securely Sail  
In a full Sea, and from all Danger free,  
Would run upon that Shelf that ruin'd me?  
These sure and sad effects I well foresaw;  
These real ills, which seeming good would draw;  
From these sad Consequences to dissuade,  
I was sent forth, and gladly I obey'd:  
I told you then what now too true you find,  
Where Zeal flies out, and Duty leaves behind:  
'Tis Wisdoms shame, and Policies defect,  
For still like Causes will have like Effect.  
I sought by wondrous Truth this Point to gain,  
Urg'd many reasons, but urg'd all in vain:  
None were of force against the *Good Old Cause*.  
Counsel was thrown away, *Fool* that I was.

Where men with Law and Prophets would not live,  
To think a Message from the dead should thrive.  
Spight of my fore-sight and my dear bought skill,  
*Cassandra* I; you faithless *Paris* still.  
Your boundless Passion did no measures keep,  
Well might you break your Neck with such a leap:  
Men may at distance hover about Kings,  
And by their influence warm'd, move earthly things;  
But when those bounds they would exceed, and fly  
Too near the Sun, scorcht, they drop down, and dy.  
What an occasion lost you to improve  
The Prince's Favour and the Peoples Love?  
This when considering Posterity  
Shall think upon, they'l hate your Memory;  
And as once ancient *Rome*, they in their turn,  
With you had never dy'd, or ne'r been born.  
Should your Successors tread your steps, they then,  
Though they were Gods, like us shall die like men.  
Oh! may the next (for sure a next will be)  
Avoid the Rock that ruin'd you and me:  
Deeply affected with a just concern  
At our sad Fate, self-preservation learn;  
And merit (by avoiding needless Fears)  
By moderate Councils and praise-worthy Cares,  
A Monarchs Blessing and three Kingdoms Pray'rs.